

## MUIR GLACIER.

Vivid Description of the Mother of Icebergs, Pressing Constantly to the Sea.

A Mountain of Ice Forty Miles Long Which Moves Sixty Feet Every Day.

Large Masses Dropping From Its Boasting Front 800 Feet in Height—Its Precious Deposits.

Prof. Horace W. Briggs in the Sitka Alaskan. The most notable of the glaciers in southeastern Alaska is the Muir, named from Prof. John Muir, a geologist of some reputation, since he gave the first uncolored description of it. It is forty miles long, and back on the land, in a basin of the mountains. Being reinforced by fifteen tributaries coming down the glens from different points of the compass, it swells to an ice sea twenty-five miles in diameter. It moves with a regularity of clockwork, bearing rocks and long lines of detritus on its billowy surface. Just before it reaches the bay it is compressed by two scarping rocks into and is forced through a gorge one mile in width.

Emerging from this narrow gateway it moves on, at the rate of forty to sixty feet a day, to the waters where it originally came, buttressing the bay with a towering wall 800 feet high, 300 feet of ultramarine crystals tipped with purple, white being above the surface, and being pushed beyond its support in the underlying rock, a battle begins between cohesion and gravity. The latter force always prevails, and vast masses break from the glacier front with the combined crash of falling walls and heavy thunder, a tumble into the bay with a dash and a splash, and the waters miles away, making navigation perilous to craft of all sizes. The almost deafening roar made when these masses are rent away, the splashing baptism they receive in their fall and the leaping waters are lively witnesses to the birth of an iceberg, which henceforth, as an independent existence, goes on its mission of circling the shores, butting against its fellow wanderers, which henceforth, as an independent existence, goes on its mission of circling the shores, butting against its fellow wanderers, which henceforth, as an independent existence, goes on its mission of circling the shores, butting against its fellow wanderers.

While the ship was resting unmolested near the front of this icy barrier, we were startled by the sudden appearance of a mass of dark crystal, vast in size, and we climbed seven feet up a lateral moraine, shoe-deep in wet gravel, down into the valley of a glacier river, where the water passed through glacial mud covered with shingle just deep enough to hide the creamy pools, slipped prostrate on the ice, and was covered by a thin disguise of detritus, and barked our shins and cut our shins on the sharp angular blocks of granite and basalt strewn for two miles, in great profusion, along our path.

Blocks of the finest marble bedded on the pathway; trod upon chips of Jasper and Chalcedony, the products of the glacier, and tains far up on the peninsula, and we passed two exquisitely beautiful boulders of red porphyry, weighing 200 and 300 pounds each, rounded and polished by centuries of attrition. They were of dark purple, streaked with quartz specks, and very, very desirable specimens for a cabinet or out-of-door decoration.

After more than an hour of plunging and sprawling, and of pulling each other out of gray mire, about half of our number reached the uncovered glacier, and at the first glance we felt that here we should stand with uncovered heads, for we were in the presence of the marvelous manifestations of superhuman power in action, and looked with unveiled eyes upon the potent agencies by which much of this planet has been fashioned.

A way in the distance was the white lake born of numerous frozen rivers, and these rivers were born of mountain snows, miles distant. The white-robed mountains themselves, some in the past, were smoothed and ground, far up their icy sides when this same glacier was three-fold deeper and many times more ponderous and mighty than it is today. Stretched along the base of the mountains till they are only a line the distance were the records of those gray old years in the form of moraines, 100 feet high, and appearing like a range of hills.

The larger portion of this crystal river, perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, is leaved into rounded hills and deeper precipices, quite resembling the sea in a storm, while the middle of the wide river is splintered into countless spires and needles and pinnacles, ten, twenty, thirty feet in height, and a beautiful ultra-marine at the base shaded to a dead white at the summit.

In the onward march of the glacier these pinnacles are occasionally wreathed from their seats in the solid ice beneath; they nod, then totter, and then, make a plunge, and are shattered into a cloud of acicular crystals that sparkle like the frost on a window under a full moon of a winter's night, only with more of color—they are diamonds on the wing.

Again the whole surface is riven by a thousand crevasses, along the bottom of which streams of clear water flow in a way, often broken by waterfalls that plunge further down into the dark blue abysses out of sight. These channels are frightful gaps to one peering down a hundred feet between their tortuous walls. A slip, a fall, a plummet, a terrible grasp of the guide's rope, and gravity would close the scene without further ceremony.

The molecular structure of the glacier is continually changing, adjusting itself to the elevations and depressions of its rocky bed, and hence there is an incessant clicking and cracking, interrupted here and there by an explosion heard over every inch of the surface.

The whole scene is weird and strange in the air from the azure depths—fascinating because every step is perilous, majestic from its massiveness, and awful because its march is irresistible.

Consider what a force in wearing away mountains and glens an icy torrent must be, one mile wide, 800 feet deep, and in the middle driving sixty feet a day; it goes grinding and grinding and cracking in startling explosion—resembling a loaded mine that has exploded in a cloud of smoke, and like that from the Titans imprisoned under Mount Etna.

Now let any one in a fancy frame for himself this picture: Snow-capped mountains in the background, two of them, Fair-weather and Crillon, more than 16,000 feet high, thick with glittering peaks and as clear cut as alibonnet on a dark sky; the great glacier, child of Arctic snow, surging, fretted and pinnacled and splintered into a thousand strange forms upon which the sun is flung the varied hues of amethyst and turquoise and sapphire; huge masses risen from the crystal river with a thunderous roar, reeling and toppling into an amber sea, thickly dotted with new-born and vibrant icebergs; and all this scene stirred and transfigured by the setting sun. Looking upon this picture through the creative power of the imagination, one can readily conceive that the enraptured tourist, standing in the presence of the reality, would call that day spent with the Muir glacier the day of all the days he ever passed in gazing upon and listening to the wild wonders of our planet.

But hark! That was not an explosion of

the glacier's artillery; it was the echo of the steamer's whistle ringing along the glens of the mountains, softened, indeed, by distance, as are the notes of the Alpine horn.

## DISPERSING A TRAMP.

The United States and the State of Indiana Boldly Defied.

New York Sun: I was eating dinner at a farm house in Indiana when one of the children came in and announced that a highway tramp had called at the kitchen door and asked for a bite to eat. The farmer was a very fat, very short and very bald-headed man, and he was postmaster at the corner and justice in and for the county. He had a son called James, another called Moses, and a hired man who was addressed as Towser. He sent out word for the tramp to sit down and rest, and as a laugh went round the table he explained.

"After dinner I shall be pleased to show you how we encourage tramps in this section. This is evidently a new man to this part of the state or he would never have called here."

"After dinner we went out. The tramp after dinner under a cherry tree, looking as comfortable as you please, and evidently unconscious that anything was going on in the house. He looked to me like a bad man to fool with, but the farmer didn't seem to mind him that way."

"Now, then," he said, as he rubbed his fat hands together, "you will stand up."

"What for?" asked the tramp.

"To be kicked! I am going to boot you from this spot down to that silvered telegraph pole."

"But I object."

"That's all right. As a fourth class postmaster of the United States of America I command you to arise."

"If I ask anybody else will get hurt," cautioned the tramp as he got up.

"As one of the justices of peace in and for this county I command you to disperse," said the farmer as he turned the tramp toward the gate and announced him.

Next instant he received a left-hander on the nose which knocked him into a corn-fused heap on the grass, and the tramp got up from his old coat and prepared for business.

"Towser, pulverize him!" shouted the farmer as he knocked him into a corn-fused heap on the grass, and the tramp got up from his old coat and prepared for business.

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## SHE GOT HER DESK.

A Story of One of Millionaire Rockefeller's Daughters.

Ohio State Journal: A little story will illustrate the training the children of Millionaire Rockefeller have received. Several years ago, while Miss Rockefeller was attending school in a town near New York city, the girls in her set concluded to purchase a Christmas gift for one of their teachers. They all contributed, and a committee was sent to the metropolis to select the present. Miss Rockefeller was a member of the purchasing delegation.

They called at a leading furniture establishment and selected a writing desk, but it cost more than they had anticipated. Their collection amounted to \$75, and the price of the desk was \$100. Being inexperienced as shoppers, the girls were undecided what to do. They told the clerk that they were attending school near by, and wanted the desk as a gift for their teacher. In turn he was confused and called one of the proprietors.

The situation in a moment was suggested that he set the desk aside until they could return with the remaining \$25.

The merchant asked if they could not refer him to some responsible New Yorker, for in that event they could have the desk and send him the balance at their own convenience.

The girls decided they were strangers in the city—one of them lived in Vermont, another in Pennsylvania and the other in Cleveland. They were sorry, but they could not refer the merchant to any one.

They turned to leave the store, when an idea came to Miss Rockefeller. She called the merchant and told him to pay for the desk as she had almost forgotten that her father had an office a short distance down the street. She didn't know, but perhaps he might be good for the \$25.

"What is his name?" asked the merchant.

John D. Rockefeller, said the blushing little miss, who knew she was accomplishing something quite improbable.

The merchant looked at her in amazement, and then gasped: "What! Is John D. Rockefeller your father? He is good for \$25? Well, I will do it. I will do it."

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A guaranteed cure for all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Pain in the Back, Nervous Prostration, Waking at Night, Indigestion, Lassitude, Pale Complexion, Impotency and general loss of power of the human system. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

We guarantee Six Boxes to cure any case. For every \$5 order received, we send six boxes, with a written guarantee to refund the money if our Specific does not effect a cure. Address all communications to the Sole Manufacturer, THIS MURRAY MEDICINE CO., Kansas City, Mo.

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Dealers in Patent Medicines, Fancy Toilet Goods, Eastern Linens and Dress Goods, Finest Quality of Surgical Instruments, Crutches, Braces, etc., Wholesale and Retail.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC TIME TABLE.

The following is the time of the arrivals and departures of trains on the Northern Pacific on the new schedule, taking effect Sunday, March 11, 1889.

ARRIVALS AT HELENA.

No. 1—Through West-bound express... 3:30 p.m.

No. 3—Through East-bound express... 10:10 p.m.

No. 7—Helena, Butte and Missoula... 7:45 a.m.

No. 9—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 11—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 13—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 15—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 17—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 19—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 21—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 23—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 25—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 27—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 29—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 31—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 33—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 35—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 37—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 39—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 41—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 43—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 45—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 47—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 49—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 51—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

No. 53—Marquette Accommodation... 10:30 a.m.

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SOLID THROUGH TRAINS DAILY

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Palace Sleeping Cars, Luxurious Dining Cars, Magnificent Day Coaches, And Free Sleeping Cars For Second-Class Passengers.

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